



The leaders



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Chapter 1 by chris

I remember when there were trees. They were everywhere. I'd lay underneath them and look up to a giant friend blocking the harsh rays of the sun and making way for the cool breeze of the wind. The grass was my bed. The tree roots, my pillow.

And I would dream. I would dream under beautiful skies.

Hues of blues and reds that
melted into each other

creating a perfect union

with swirls of white clouds.

I dreamt wild dreams,

creative dreams,

Dreams unabashed and undisturbed, free to be and create themselves as my mind saw fit.

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I dreamed of how I would

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Then, one day, the leaders came.

Or so that's what they called themselves. They had a mandate they said. Some important mission. They told it to my dad. They told it to everyone.

My dad was an intelligent man who loved his people. He was caring, and he was strong.

But they were cunning,

and they were brutal.

They told us story of how they were given special charge, that they had a key to a new place.

A beautiful place,

A place we had never seen.

They said the only way to get there was to place them in charge and do everything they asked. Then, after four years, they would take us there.

They lied.

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It's been eight years since the treaty of the leaders. There are few trees anymore, and the ones still around belong to the leaders.

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